

The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 55
Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office
at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 48.....NO. 18,068.

THE HORSE SHOW.

A November with no Horse Show, once the dire prophecy of the pessimist, would be a dream month for the community. Happily the dread contingency is averted and this season sees the annual event in Madison Square Garden an established institution with the best promise of permanency. With its boxes sold at prices recalling the flush times of its early prime and with a continued high average of entries it will certainly repeat and possibly excel its successes of past years.

The preliminary activity among tailors, modistes and milliners indicates in part how great a blow the loss of the Horse Show would be to retail trade. How many hats and frock coats and elaborate gowns would be left unorderd, how many hotel rooms unfilled, lobsters uneaten, wines undrunk, carriages uncalled for if we had no Horse Show! How many waiters minus tips and seamstresses minus the midnight stitching that pays the rent, how many milliners' apprentices laid off and grooms left without a job if this annual distributor of the needful were to be done away with!

The Horse Show stimulates trade in ways not always appreciated. It may turn the balance from failure to success for a struggling florist in a Jersey village or buy swaddling clothes for a stable boy's baby on Long Island. It is a beneficent institution as these things show. But its greatest claim on our attention is that it gives us a near view of High Society, that select part of the body politic to which we look for good form and good clothes, which we aspire to emulate and imitate and which we have so few opportunities for studying at close range. Of all its reasons for existence this must be accounted the first and greatest.

So taking one consideration with another let us, in Mr. Whitney's words, "pay our devotions to the noble animal that has done so much for all of us."

RAILROAD WAGES RAISED.

The increase of the wages of railroad employees bids fair to become general all along the line. The New York, New Haven and Hartford, anticipating the Pennsylvania on a small scale, began nearly two years ago, in the words of its president, "to make such increases in the pay of employees from time to time as to keep pace with the increased cost of living." The "Big Four" has been advancing wages for some time past by an average of 10 per cent. The New York Central and West Shore have granted a like advance to 15,000 trainmen. The Reading will probably announce this week a 10 per cent. increase in the pay of all the road's 18,000 employees. The Union Pacific has recently raised the wages of switchmen. The Grand Trunk has met its engineers' demand. And within the next few weeks a general advance of 10 per cent. is likely in the wages of all trainmen in the territory between Chicago, Buffalo, Pittsburgh and the Ohio River.

An increase of 10 per cent. will mean an average of 37½ cents a day for engineers, 21 for firemen and 31 for conductors, a substantial addition which in many cases will mean comfort where there was the pinch of pressing economy.

THE POOR'S COAL SUPPLY.

Two of the cleverest lawyers in Pennsylvania, Wayne MacVeagh and David Wilcox, put President Mitchell on the rack before the Coal Strike Commission Saturday and plied him with questions.

"Do you know," asked Mr. Wilcox, "that a 20 per cent. increase of miners' wages would amount to \$12,000,000 increase in the yearly cost of production?" "Yes," answered the witness, "about 12 or 13 cents a ton."

And Mr. MacVeagh, taking him in hand, said: "If the miners are granted a 20 per cent. increase the companies will increase the price of coal, and thus you will be breaking the backs of the very poor, who can hardly buy coal now." "Why not pay this increase out of your exorbitant freight rates?" answered the witness.

The operators' solicitude for the very poor is such that dealers in New York are now permitted to charge \$7.50 a ton for coal that costs less than \$3.50 at the mines. The \$4 difference represents a good many additions of "12 or 13 cents." And there has as yet been no increase of wages over last year's scale to justify any higher price than the \$6 or \$6.25 charged then.

SCIENTIFIC FIRE-FIGHTING.

Fire Chief Croker's test of the standpipes in the new "Flatiron" building yesterday was an interesting and important demonstration of how a skyscraper may be equipped to extinguish fire within or repel its invasion from without. At one time two engines attached to the pipes were propelling nine powerful streams from the windows of the nine upper floors, the highest more than three hundred feet above the street.

Such an equipment would have saved the tower of the East River bridge. It would have enabled the tall Home Life building, at Warren street, to defend itself against the raging blaze in the Rogers-Peet store, at its base, and also to help extinguish that fire. Standpipes of similar design were added to the fire-fighting apparatus of the Pulitzer Building some years ago.

WIDE OPEN AGAIN.

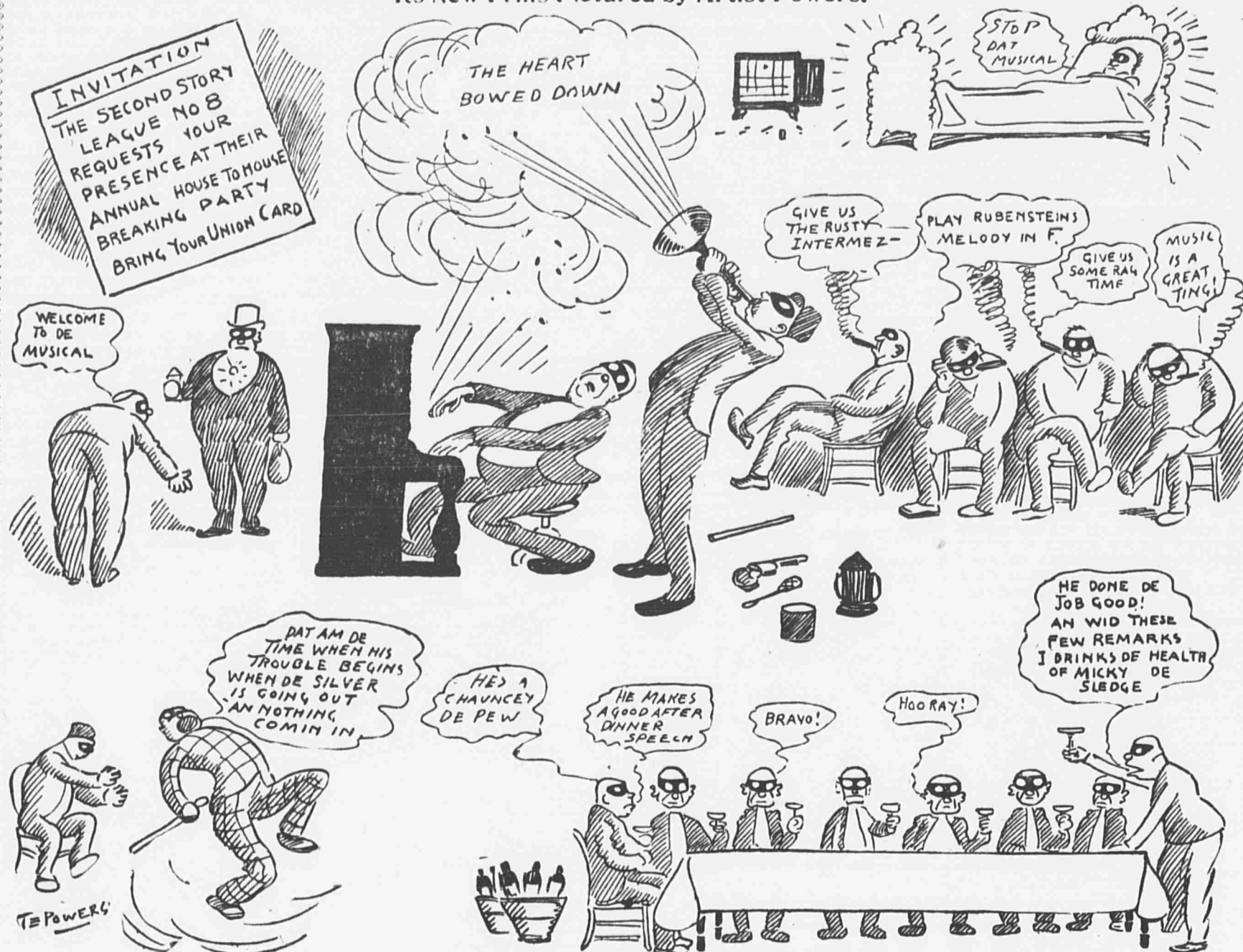
It appears from this morning's World that the gambling industry in the Tenderloin, lately crushed by Mr. Jerome's myrmidons beyond expectation of revival, is again doing business at the old stand. It is the way of the game there. You may smash the barred door in and break the tables up. But the game goes on unhindered just the same. Or, in the words of the other poet. You may break, you may shatter, the door if you will, But the click of the ivory's audible still.

Five of the city's best known gambling-houses in or near the Tenderloin precinct were raided a month ago, their costly paraphernalia, roulette wheels, faro layouts, chips, cards, confiscated and removed. It was the most spectacular performance of the kind in municipal history, the sledge-hammer and battering-ram accessories adding a striking dramatic feature to the raid. And now with the old order of things restored, if some inquisitive Peterkin asks what good came of it, we can itemize these excellent results:

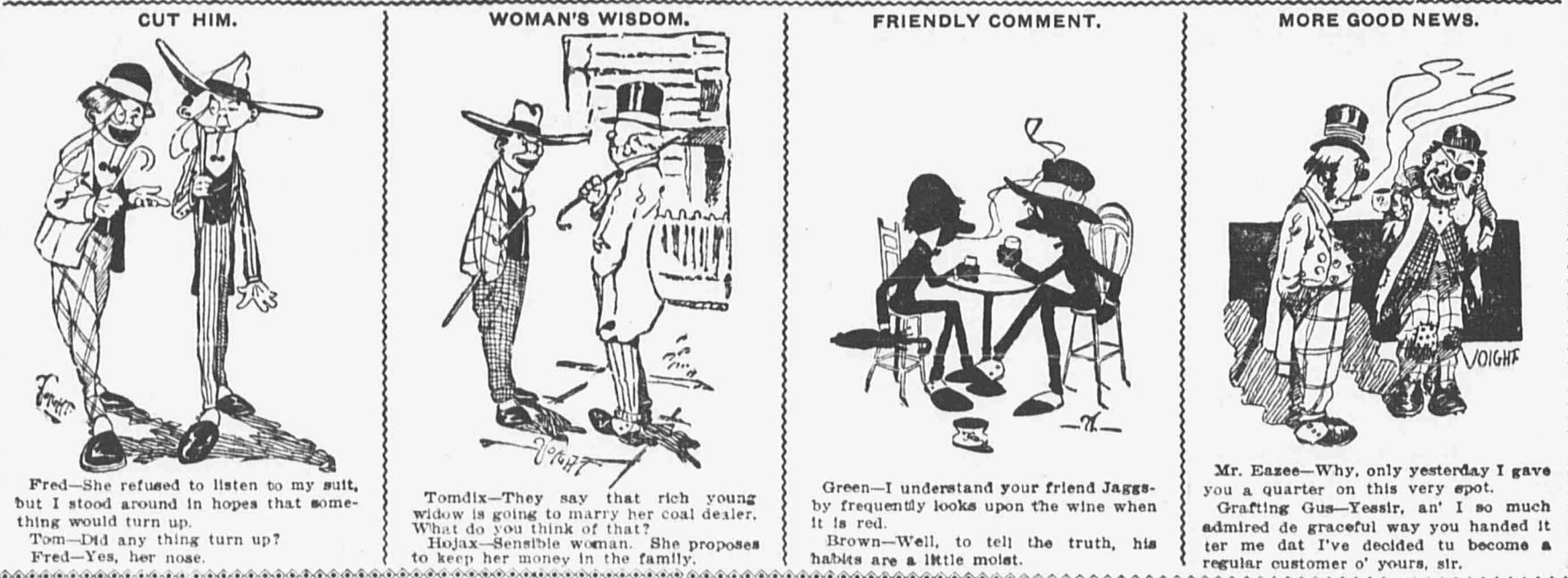
The increase of business among manufacturers of roulette wheels, faro layouts, baize tables, chips, cards, etc., called on to supply an unexpected demand; the work of carpenters in repairing smashed doors and for glaziers in resetting broken glass; the orders for structural beams, placed by other gambling-house proprietors, to fortify their resorts more securely. Add to these the innumerable advantage of the practice given Mr. in keeping his hand in and the smashing may be have been worth the noise. The effect of the need not be dwelt upon.

Up-to-Date Burglary Has Social Trimmings.

Its New Frills Pictured by Artist Powers.



Rarely beautiful, say the neighbors, was the free concert given them by the burglars who burgled the Stark residence at No. 2112 Valentine avenue, in the Bronx, one evening last week. With piano and cornet the burglars charmed everybody on the block, letting their souls melt into the melodies, as it were, and causing a neighborly pang or two of jealousy, because the piano sounded so Paderewski-played and the cornet tones gave the impression that the only Levy was blowing his silver bugle for the Starks' guests. Those Bronx cracksmen have set a warm social pace and a high artistic standard for their brethren of the jimmy to follow. No burglary entirely worthy of the name should be pulled off in the future without a pink-tea obligato or a ping-pong klatch, or some diverting thing of that sort, on the side. Mr. Powers here makes a few timely pictorial suggestions to gentlemen who wish to keep on elevating the burglar art, any one or all of which would help to popularize their now askance business.



Mme. Judice Helps Home Dressmakers.

Mme. Judice, who is connected with one of the leading dress-making establishments of this city, has been secured by The Evening World, and will conduct this department, in which home dressmakers will be given helpful advice. Questions relating to dressmaking will be answered by Mme. Judice.

Dear Mme. Judice:

I HAVE nearly ten yards of fine pale cream lace, with both edges curved, and I want to use it as an evening dress. I also have a pale blue silk dress that belonged to my mother. It has a lot of little pink flowers and green leaves scattered all over it. I would like to utilize it as well, but fear there will not be enough unless I combine it with something else. Could I use the silk and lace together with some other kind of material to help out? If so, what kind of material? I want a real swell gown and not a common style. I am twenty-six years old, tall and slim, but my neck is not bony and I can wear décolleté and almost any light color is becoming to me. Please give me some new suggestion with a drawn design. If I can use my old silk I can afford expensive new material.

Yours cream lace and old silk will do splendidly for this design combined with blue chiffon of same shade as the body of the silk, and green velvet of the predominating shade of the leaf or spray. Be careful to select it in a soft tone that will blend nicely with your colors. When the gown is completed it has a sort of princess look, as the lace in the skirt and waist meet at the waist line back and front and seem to be all in one piece from shoulder to hem of the skirt. The joining is cleverly

concealed by narrowing in the lace at the waist by two fancy buckles—one back and one in front—and the edge of the waist finished by a narrow velvet belt or band. A vest front of the chiffon with the shirring to the top—like sketch of back—between several tucks.



(Designed for Marie B. Smith.)
CREAM LACE AND SILK.

is narrowed in plaits to the waist, continuing in the skirt in a sunburst accordion-plaited panel with three deep tucks at the hem. Bordering the velvet where it joins the silk, lay your cream lace, tapering in with velvet and lace at the waist. Beyond the lace, on the chiffon side, allow your velvet to be seen in a graduated fold widening considerably at the foot. In regard to cut-

ting your silk you must consider a pattern that will use it to good advantage, and avoid piecing as much as possible. But a plain blouse and any kind of skirt will make up this way admirably from a five gore to the old style but reliable circular.

SILK AND LACE.

I am an amateur dressmaker and have profited by your suggestions in The Evening World. I have enough black flounced lace for a suit, and would like it made over cream white (china silk). I am medium height and a brunette, twenty-five years old. Do you think it will make up stylish with the white lining and not look too old for me? To trim it I have five rose sprays of butter-colored lace, very dainty. How about ruffles on the bottom of the skirt—are they using them? I want this dress for evening wear, but being the only fancy dress I can afford to get would like it stylish and still sensible enough to wear for several occasions. D. V. S.

Brooklyn, N. Y.
If you think white too old for you under the black lace, why not use chameleon, or changeable taffeta silk, in the light tints. It is extremely novel and gives an artistic glint to the black lace. Your rose sprays of butter-colored lace will be very pretty laid on a yoke of pure white tucked chiffon in a set design. Plain ruffles are not worn as much as the circular flounced effect, but a knife plaiting of black net under the scalloped edge of your lace skirt will make a pretty finish about the foot.

THE CLOSE-FITTING SKIRT.

It is the close-fitting skirt with the voluminous flare around the feet which is still prime favorite in spite of all the plaited models brought out. The tendency has been toward more fulness about the hips, but women will not accept this fashion without a protest. So the dress-designers have cleverly disguised their purpose by stitching down the plaits almost to the knees.

PEERS WITHOUT ESTATES.

The death of the recent Earl of Perth at an unimposing house by the side of Kew Green recalls that there are to-day earls and other lights of the British peerage who cannot lay claim to any rent-roll, or ownership of wide acres. Here he had lived for many years, humble and unknown to the man in the street. How many of the thousands who trooped past his house into Kew Gardens every holiday ever thought for a minute that the solitary, elderly man standing watching them at that little gate was no other than the famous representative of that great race of Scotch earls who had stuck manfully and bravely to the cause of the Stuarts and lost their all in land and money by so doing? In the church close by there was a name-plate on a pew marked "Earl of Perth," which often attracted the attention of sightseers, but few guessed that this person was the gentleman looking from the window opposite the church as they came out.

Wide lands and noble estates had been the heritage of the Drummonds in centuries onward from the Conquest, this early descendant—never held any of them. They had all been confiscated by Hanoverian kings, who resented the adherence of the Perth family to the Stuarts.

The Earl of Caithness now lives in the far West, where he has built himself a wood house, which he has named after his ancestral seat in Scotland—Berrisdale Farm. The Earls of Caithness in olden days used to live at Berrisdale, in Caithness, but this estate now has passed into the capacious store of the Duke of Portland, and the present Earl of Caithness finds himself without a single acre of land in Scotland.

SOMEBODIES.

CZAR OF RUSSIA—is about to visit Constantinople. As his country was actively engaged in Turkey-carving a few years ago he may have cause to doubt the warmth of his welcome.

GARDNER, LOUIS—A Milwaukee athlete, who stopped a runaway team belonging to J. P. Morgan, has just undergone a surgical operation in London at Mr. Morgan's expense.

HEDENGER, J. B.—a seaman on the Indiana, is the first recipient of the Santiago Campaign Medal issued by the Navy Department.

MOODY, SECRETARY—is on a tour of inspection to determine whether or not Charleston harbor is sufficiently guarded to resist attack.

NAORIL, DADABHAI—is not the name of a pre-digested health food, but of the first East Indian to enter the English House of Commons. He was also the first Hindu professor of mathematics in an East Indian college. He is seventy-seven years old.

A Few Remarks.

Mostly on the Topics of the Day.

When Roosevelt hunts bears, there's trouble bruin'.

Gates might do well to take a three months' primer course of "Wall Street Lessons" from Professor Harriman.

Muriel—That joke is about fifty years old.

Ethel—Really? Is it one of yours?

Mr. Mitchell says that miners are more prone to accident than are folks whose occupation follows any other bent. From which remark it's evident that very worthy man knows little of the life of the New York pedestrian.

Here's hoping the London Arctic Club in its proposed "Dash for the Pole" won't be "left at the Post!"

"I wonder what day of the week is lucky for marriage?" "Well, there are only seven unlucky ones. The rest are safe enough."

"The poor fellow's color blind." "Yes; he actually thinks he has blue blood."

It is said to have cost corruptionists the offer of a \$10,000 bribe to learn that a college-bred boy has no "price."

Chief Croker says the parlor match must go. And now, henceforth, the prince of fire-thievers will share with chronic bachelors the scorn of all the mighty arm of match makers.

Prof. Loeb says he can temporarily restore dead cats to life. If he wants to be a real benefactor let him reverse the process on New York's back-fence serenaders. There's a separate Hall of Fame awaiting the genius who can accomplish that.

She was the village acoid. Of language fierce and rude. The new-dewed woman who wed her Has quickly become SHREWED.

"What sort of prepared wheat do you take for breakfast?" "I prefer a small dose of prepared rye just before breakfast."

President Butler, of Columbia, fears

colleges may become clubs for rich men's sons. A few of his own colleagues clubbed to some effect during the campaign.

"Why do they call the policeman's patrol district his 'beat'?" "If you saw the amount of free peanuts, fruit and drink he annexes as he goes along you wouldn't need to ask."

A quarter-million women are married yearly in London. Yet lawyers persist in believing America the mecca of the divorce case.

"Formerly meats were cured by being salted down, but people have since discovered that everything is best cured by smoking."

"Including the tobacco habit?" There was a young fellow in Utah, Who proposed as a rich woman's suitor. When she said "You won't suit." With rage he was milt. In fact no deaf mute could be mutah.

There are a few new west side "L" trains whose lights are so strong as to enable the sardine-formation of passengers to see clear across the car on the darkest night. While reforms like this are being lavished on the public every few decades, who can be so capacious as to kick at merely having to stand up from Battery Place to One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street.

No wonder the "Musical Burglar" parts with his booty for a song! "That speculator friend of yours has no more honesty than a 'second-story man.'"

"Oh, yes, he has. In every deal he always gets in on the ground floor." They said he was a rising man. But learned with and surprise. That since he left the water-cart He's bartered "rise" for "ryes."

The man who hunts sparrows with an airgun from the roof of his New York flat may not be as noble a spectacle as the huntsman who ranges the Adirondack woods for deer; but he stands a long slight better chance of not being killed by mistake for his quarry by some other sportsman.

Doctors' bills have long afforded humanity with amusement, but the recent case of "marked" doctor's bills is no joke—for the mark.

A ROMANCE OF THE DAY'S NEWS

LOVE-CURE BEAT GOLD-CURE.

The Wife Forgave and Made Up With Estranged Husband Who Was Struggling to Redeem Himself.

GEORGE CLARK had not a talent for matrimony, but he did not find out the deficiency until it was too late. In fact, he had been married several years before the conviction of his shortcomings in that direction came to him. And then it was forced upon him by his wife.

Mrs. Clark, before her marriage, was one of the most beautiful young girls in Boston society, and the romance of their short courtship had been the love idyl of the year.

It was one of those delightfully uneventful love affairs punctuated by pleasant little episodes like well ordered commens, till it came to the full stop of marriage. Most modern romances end with an exclamation point in the form of an elopement or other startling happening. Some, in rare instances, with a question mark. But the Clark episode was so simple and

beautiful that it might have occurred a century ago.

Mrs. Clark was a broad-minded woman and for a girl married at an exceedingly early age showed unusual tolerance for the masculine failing which her husband revealed in the first year of their marriage.

She never learned to be indifferent, however, to the many evenings he spent away from home. Nor did she learn not to listen for his step in the small hours and wonder if she merely imagined it was unsteady.

As the years passed and several children were born to her, she realized that she was further from the radiant happiness she had anticipated than when, in her girlish day dreams, she had known the shadow instead of the substance, and she could not help looking in the faces of the young married women of her acquaintance and wondering if they, too, had known similar disappointment.

There came a time, however, when she could no longer shut her eyes to her husband's failings. And, indeed, she reproached herself with the idea that it was perhaps owing to her having shut them out so persistently that there was now so much to see.

The horror of the first time he had spoken to her with thickened utterance, had met her frankly inquiring over with a strange, flimsy gaze that she did not know, she never forgot. After a while, however, what had been a horror became a matter of course. For it was only at increasingly rare intervals that she met the alert, intellectual face which had won her girlish heart.

Yet, when, after having thought the subject over carefully and tearfully, and after having urged and pleaded with her husband in vain, she told him that for the sake of her little children she could not remain his wife the man was stunned.

Helen Clarke brought suit for separate support, giving as her only reason her husband's drunkenness, and after a long

trial the court granted her request and gave her the custody of her children. She had expected to find in her release from her long and painful bondage peace, though not happiness. But she was a deeply religious woman, and often when she told herself that she was perfectly at ease and that the education of her children should now alone fill her mind, her thoughts would revert to the man she had once loved and she would sigh softly for herself at some recollection of their youth.

Clark in the mean time was stunned by the sudden wreck of this life's happiness. He was at bottom, however, a strong man and he did not waste time blaming his wife. In fact he realized that she could not have acted otherwise. There was but one thing to be thought of. He must win back the love he had lost.

The theory of reformation was easy, but there followed long weeks of struggle of humiliating failure, before he achieved a fairly temperate life.

There are will muscles as well as physical ones that grow weakened by long disuse, and often the man found himself in his old haunts, surrounded by a crowd of careless, happy-go-lucky friends trying to kill the thought of his weakness by the freest indulgence of it and cursing his folly as he did so.

But no matter how freely he sought the oblivion that came with drink, the sense of his failure was a part of the most apathetic stupor.

And when he found out that he could not forget his wife he determined henceforth to remember her. For a whole year he did not drink. Mrs. Clark heard of the reform. And she did not tell herself that it was not permanent, for she remembered that her husband never even promised amendment in the days of their married life.

One evening as she sat in the drawing-room of her new home she heard the sharp jangle of the old-fashioned doorbell, and though it had sounded many times that day, she thrilled with the sense of some impending joy.

The next moment her husband stood beside her.

"Helen," he said, "you must know—you have heard—that I am the same man you put away from you! Give me one chance to prove how much I love you."

The woman's pulses quickened at the strange, new tone. She could not tell how much of the thrill was love, how much a mere trick of memory.

But when his hand closed over hers and the old sense of happy weakness which she had not known since the days of their early married life, came to her she knew. And she was happy in the knowledge.

Thus, after a long struggle, a man's self-denial won back the wife and children from the clutches of a man who had lost to him. And last week all Boston was gratified by the granting by the Probate Court of Mrs. Clark's request to have the decree of separation annulled.